

HOGAN: A NATIONAL TREASURE?
OR...WHAT? (See pgs. 6 & 12)

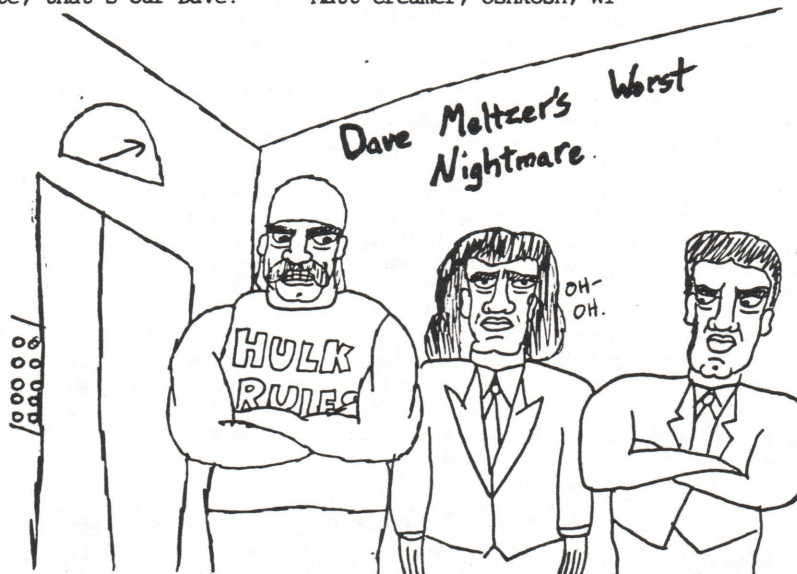
\$1.50 PRO WRESTLING
SUSHI.®

Jeff Mullins, Ed., P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158

(SNS--Sushi News Service)

Issue #42, APR '92

"...I gave Meltzer's suit on Donahue ****. Austere, yet stylish. Wrestling God and fashionplate, that's our Dave!" — Matt Creamer, Oshkosh, WI



(Above art by Sushi staff cartoonist, Ryan Jones, St. Paul, MN)

APOLGUY FOR LACK OF GRAP SMUT THIS ISSUE

SUSHILAND, CA -- The editor and staff of Pro Wrestling Sushi wish to beg the reader's forgiveness for not having any bizarre, revolting, and outlandish wrestling news to report this issue, since all the bizarre, revolting, and outlandish news over the past several weeks has already appeared in the weekly editions of the Observer, Torch, and Three Count.

'WINDBAG' SAVES WCW REF'S LIFE

ATLANTA, GA -- Family and friends of WCW ref Nick Patrick have taken out a full page ad in the Austin, TX hometown paper of WCW booker Dusty Rhodes thanking him for saving Nick's life last month during a near fatal automobile crash. Reports in most of the major weekly wrestling newsletters told of how Patrick's life was saved thanks to the car's airbag, failing to inform readers that the airbag which threw itself between Patrick and the steering wheel was none other than Dusty Rhodes himself.

CONCERN OVER MRS. GILBERT'S 'HIT-LIST' GROWS!

"...I was told that Madusa sent for AWF promoter Gordon Scozzari while WCW was at the Worcester Centrum. If you remember I reported that Scozzari had sent Jeff Gaylord down to beat up Eddie Gilbert in Dallas. Well, from what was reported, Gilbert's wife (Madusa) put some hurting on Gordon. When security came to see what was going on they threw Gordon out of the back as they thought he was causing a problem..." --Ron Lemieux, Editor, Arena Report, 4/6/92

ATLANTA, GA -- Sushi News Service has learned from insiders close to the WCW scene that Madusa Miceli has drawn up a list containing names of people who have caused problems for (or have done wrong things to) her new husband pro wrestler Eddie Gilbert. As reported above, Gordon Scozzari was apparently one of the first persons on Madusa's "list" to suffer a hit by the fiery WCW female star.

As soon as more information becomes available, Sushi News Service will reveal to its readers the other names on Madusa's hit list and just how far back her list goes (in case any of you have something to worry about regarding your own past dealings with Mr. Gilbert).

ULTIMATE WARRIOR'S RETURN: SUSHI SCOOPS WEEKLIES!

SUSHILAND, CA -- The editor and staff of Pro Wrestling Sushi wish to thank the anonymous WWF source who (six months ago, back in November 1991) provided this sheet with the inside informational scoop of the year, that the Ultimate Warrior would reappear at WRESTLEMANIA VIII, while all other major sheets and sheet editors were rolling their eyes in the back of their heads and were poo-pooing Sushi's earnest claim that the Warrior would return.

The following are actual Sushi News Service items about the Ultimate Warrior's return which ran in this sheet:

SUSHI#38/WINTER'91: "Pro Wrestling Sushi's closely guarded source within Titan

② Towers says that...the Ultimate Warrior will resurface (during) the curtain fall at WRESTLEMANIA." And that (Vince) "McMahon wants the big 'surprise' to catch everyone off guard, especially 'certain newsletter editors' upon whose faces he wants to see 'egg' for being fooled and for having to explain to their readers why and how they missed the 'angle to beat all angles'."

Sushi also revealed plans for the Ultimate Warrior's return in Sushi#39 and Sushi#41.

Whereas Sushi's Titan source informed Sushi that plans to have the Warrior reappear as an "evil" Warrior at the ROYAL RUMBLE were cancelled at the last minute, Sushi revealed the details for WM8 in its March issue.

SUSHI#41/MARCH'92: "STAMFORD, CT -- Pro Wrestling Sushi has been informed by its most reliable source within Titan that the Ultimate Warrior 'character' may resurface during WrestleMania VIII..."

Sushi went on to reveal that "the primary motive behind Warrior's sudden departure from TV and house shows (last year) was a strategic move by McMahon to 'rest' and possibly reconfigure the Warrior character which many insiders feel is the only real meal ticket that Titan has after Hogan (leaves)."

Sushi also divulged information about Sid Justice reconfiguring the face of Brutus Beefcake, Hogan's pal whose real life face was seriously damaged in a para-sailing incident a couple years ago. This angle (while it did not unfold days before WM8 as originally planned) will emerge as one of the major post-WM8 angles, according to Sushi's highly valuable Titan source.

Perhaps, it is also interesting to note that as of this writing, neither the Observer nor the Torch has recognized Pro Wrestling Sushi for its SCOOP OF THE YEAR.

In fact, both sheets essentially have down-played Warrior's reappearance, possibly due to the fact that each of them went on record informing readers that Warrior was gone for good, when, in fact, Sushi was telling (not predicting) but telling its readers that the Warrior was indeed returning! Sigh. Yes, there are times when being the industry's beacon of truth, subtle integrity, and shooting from the shoulder is quite a burden. A tough job. But, alas, somebody has got to do it.

UNDAUNTED BY CHARGES OF SEX SCANDALS + STEROID ABUSE GUTSY NINE-YEAR-OLD SEEKS HIGH PAYING JOB AT TITAN!

Dear Mister McMahon,

A job as ringboy with the WWF sounds great to me. I could use the \$50,000 a year. But what I really want is Pat Patterson's old job as head booker. Being only nine years old myself, and being a faithful follower of WWF TV and ring product, I know just what the key members of Titan's main demographic audiences want.

What we really want are a lot of buffed-up big guys, monsters who sweat a lot, lots of face paint, animals being tormented, blood, more entrance music (How anyone can get enough of that stuff is beyond me!), muscles on top of muscles, guys pulling other guys' trunks down and showing moons, more females getting whacked, and some new angles involving the use of vomit, urine, feces, and pus.

Oh, yeah, and Roddy Piper smacking international dudes over their heads with coconuts or pineapples. And Sherry showing a little more of her great boobs. (Actually, I'm not sure why WWF fans in my age group would want to see more of Sherry's pecs. Maybe when I turn ten I'll figure it out. But if I were booker, I'd run more boob gimmicks, anyway.)

And this time, let's run that secret tape where Sid beats the crap outta Brutus Beefcake (you know, where Sid brutally "rearranges" all those store-bought molecules in Beefcake's face.) Have Jake's snake bite a big chunk out of Bruti's nose and then let the snake suck one of Bruti's eyeballs out of its socket. Have the Repo Man repo the metal plates in Beefer's head, and then turn Undertaker and have him and Paul Bearer cremate Brutus while he's still alive and kicking and screaming.

All this will bring Hulk Hogan back sometime between now and WrestleMania IX (to seek revenge for what has been done to his friend 'til the end!)

Whaddaya say, Mister McMahon? Huh? Am I not a little Bowdren the Booker? And, hey, unlike the last guy who had the book, you won't have to worry about Phil Mushnick of the NEW YORK POST charging me with sexually harrassing other guys. No way! I've watched enough WWF shows to know that if you are going to harrass or abuse people, it's okay if they are women, or if they are guys who act like women, or generally if they are wrestlers of any color, race, or creed other than White Anglo-Saxon Protestant, or if they are members of the audience at WWF tapings. Have I been eating my vitamins and paying close attention to WWF tradition, or what?

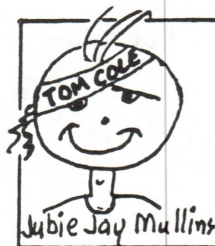
So, gimme the pencil, Mister McMahon. I'm ready to return real wrestling-news to the front pages of the Observer, Torch, and Three Count weeklies, and I'm ready to send Phil Mushnick back to writing stories about holes in the ozone layer!

Whaahooooo! Watch-U-gonna-do when the Jubster runs wild over you?! In the tradition of John Lanigan, I remain your most faithful little true blue WWF demographic.

Jubie Jay Mullins, age 9,
Sushiland, CA

P.S.: And, anyway, Mister McMahon, what's so bad about Mushnick comparing you with Hannibal Lecter? I say we book Hannibal with Papa Shango, call them "The Cannibal Kids", and at SUMMERSLAM we put them in a "Snack On Danger, Dine On Death" match against LOD and Paul Ellering, with the losers (and guest referee Mushnick) putting up their livers and kidneys.

Gotta love me, huh, Vince? Pass the Chianti!



Hello, everyone! Welcome to the 42nd issue of Pro Wrestling Sushi, the little grap sheet that shoots first and asks questions later. Questions like:

3

"Why am I doing this sheet-a-rola each month...publishing a profesional wrestling newsletter?" "Why does pro wrestling seem to be such an important facet of my life that, somehow, it takes up such a significant amount of the time in my life?" "Why--when other people are outdoors on Sunday afternoons fishing, hiking, biking, or having sex in the grass--why am I sitting here, indoors, watching grap tapes, typing something I hope will be funny, and/or sticking mailing labels onto a pile of Sushies?"

Have you ever spent an entire Sunday morning and afternoon indoors? Addressing and futzing around with mailing labels? While waiting for the printer to finish his part of the deal? And then spend the next few hours doing stamps and folding and stapling and driving across town to mail a small bundle of newsletters at the main post office? Looking at the passangers in all the other cars and wondering, "Are they on their way to the post office, too, to mail their newsletters? Or are they on their way to find tall fields of soft green grass in which to practice naked figure-four leg-locks, friendly, seductive pile drivers, and slow, easy sunset flips?" And suddenly you feel really old and really tired and you hear yourself saying out loud, "Dear Lord (and the Ghost of Bruiser Brody), what am I doing? What am I doing?!"

And then you get to wondering if other sheet editors feel the same way when they are driving past fields of tall green grass full of naked people romping in the hay while these editors are on their way to their post offices to mail their bulletins. Editors like Dave Meltzer.

Dave Meltzer... Dave Meltzer... You just wonder. Does Dave ever feel like chucking it all in while driving past acres of tall green grass filled with naked normal people doing naked normal things? Do the the burdens and demands of big time pro grap coverage ever cause Dave to dream of what life might be like without (dare I say it?) doing the Donahue Show with Bruno and Vince? Or driving to the post office each week to mail those large bundles of Observers? Or having to write those maddening plugs for all those other editors whose other sheets contain all those other maddening Zip Codes and P.O. Box numbers?

Does Dave ever fancitize about pulling off the road, leaving the Observer behind, and running butt naked and free of it all to jump head first into the tall deep grass of life without graps? One can only wonder...

MELTZER TO CALL IT QUITTS ?

CAMPBELL, CA -- Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned from an unidentified source that Dave Meltzer, editor/publisher of the Wrestling Observer Newsletter, intends to cease publication of his weekly bulletin next month and, using profits he has earned from the sheet business, will pursue other interests, possibly farming.

Meltzer, who for the past ten years has put out a highly successful wrestling scoop sheet, plans to announce the demise of his publication in a final issue dated May 4th in which he will reveal how stress from covering all the recent sex harassment and steroids scandals, pressure from putting out a weekly sheet, and receiving angry fax messages before 9:00 a.m. from irate fellow sheet editors whose zip codes and P.O. Box numbers he misprinted, have convinced him to get out of the wrestling reporting rat race.

According to Sushi's source, Meltzer plans to buy and run a quiet little farm that grows lawn grass in central Iowa.

MELTZER TO START UP NUDIST COLONY ?

CAMPBELL, CA -- Close friends of Dave Meltzer say that Dave has not been the same since the day he accidentally drove his Japanese automobile into a field of green winter wheat on his way to the post office to ship a batch of Observers. Apparently the sight of so many naked people having sex in the middle of the wheat field where Dave's car came to a stop, profoundly affected the soon-to-be-former king of sheets.

Rumor has it that Meltzer plans to let the grass on his lawn-farm grow really tall and that in the middle of it all he will construct hiking and biking trails and a catfish pond that will be open to the public. Rumor also has it that Meltzer has filed papers and deposited fees to obtain an Iowa state lisenche to run a nudist colony on his grass farm.

OTHER EDITORS TO START UP NUDIST COLONIES, TOO!

SUSHILAND, CA -- Sushi also has learned that several other persons who also publish weekly, biweekly, and monthly wrestling newsletters have also purchased land in Iowa and also have applied for lisenches to operate nudist colonies.

Meltzer will reportedly name his nudest colony PRO WRESTLING FIELD OF DREAMS. Wade Keller will call his colony BUTT NAKED TORCH. Of course Steve Beverly's nudest colony will be named BUTTWATCH. Alex Marvez says he absolutely will not name his colony TRES CUNT.

④

IS OBSERVER EDITOR ON MRS. G'S HIT-LIST?

ATLANTA, GA -- Attempts by Sushi News Service to contact unpredictable WCW female wrestler-manager Madusa Miceli (to determine if Observer editor-publisher Dave Meltzer is on her "hit list") have proved unsuccessful.

During research to determine who might be potential other targets for Madusa's wrath, Sushi discovered that about six year ago Meltzer gave Madusa's husband Eddie Gilbert a low match rating of $\frac{1}{2}$ *.

Sushi simply wants to know if little things like a low match rating qualifies someone in Madusa's mind to get the crap kicked out of them? Also, if someone was at an arena show when Eddie was a heel, and they shouted bad things at Eddie, would this qualify them for Madusa's list? Also, Sushi wants to find out from Madusa if anyone on the list can be granted amnesty or, at best, get only a little crap kicked out of them instead of the whole nine (cubic) yards?

Sushi also wants to know if Madusa and Missy Hyatt ever talk, you know, compare notes about what it was like being married to Eddie? But that's another story...

'DEMOGRAPHIC WARRIOR' STANDS BY HIS MENTOR!

Dear Mister McMahon,

Me again, Jubie Jay Mullins, your little 9-year-old demographic warrior. Inspite of all the scandalous things Barry, and Billy, and Bruno, and Mushnick, and--oh, my, the list could go on for pages!--have been saying about you in the newsletters, newspapers, on radio, and on TV, I still watch the WWF SUPERSTARS show every Saturday morning and I still nag my folks to take me up to the Cow Palace or Oakland Coliseum-Arena whenever the boys are in town and I've already written three letters to Santa asking him to be sure to put a Hulk Hogan Wrestling Buddies doll with my name on it in his sleigh when Xmas rolls around.

You know how you start promoting WRESTLEMANIA six months ahead of time? Well, I've learned a lot about life from you and your shows Mister McMahon, and I figure if nagging your viewers six months ahead of time will fill an arena for WM, then me nagging my folks and Santa six months ahead of time can't really hurt my chances for a full load of goodies under the old yule tree in December.

That's not all I learn from you, though, Mister McMahon. Not by a long shot.

Sex, for instance. Not that sex holds any interest for me now, since I'm still only nine and I haven't a clue as to what all the excitement is about. But let me tell you, when I'm older, and when I've drunk enough milk and eaten enough of those vitamins that Hulk is always jabbering about, I know my successful sexual life will all be owed to you and the standards you and the WWF set forth.

Like that story in the sheets about your sexual techniques with that lady referee in the back of the limousine. Okay. It's still a few years before I'll be renting a limo for the prom, if you get what I mean, but when I do rent the limo and when I've picked up the babe, here's what I do.

I promise her 500,000 Barbi Dolls and her photo on the cover of Jack & Jill magazine and I tell her I can get her a job doing the cash register instead of frying burgers at McDonalds, and then I tell her to reach into my pants and shake hands with Van Hammer, right? And if she doesn't, I open the door, push her out, and tell her there's a half million burgers waiting to be flipped by her at Micky D's. And the reason I won't get in trouble with her, or her parents, is that her folks are still alive and she doesn't want to embarrass them if she tells on me. The other reason I won't get in trouble--a key reason--is because I have to remember to pull the curtain between the back seat and the driver's seat so he can't witness anything and embarrass me with stories on TV talk shows, right?

Some of the other stuff about sex I am not too sure I understand, yet. I mean, even with almost a whole year off, I still can't really understand what Ultimate Warrior is trying to tell me during his interviews, so all this stuff about sex is also a little confusing. But I am trying to learn. Let's see if I've got this straight, now.

Someday, when I grow up and own a wrestling promotion like yours, and when I've got all these other guys working for me, booking, assistant booking, setting up rings, etc., I've got to remember that some of these guys might not like girls, and, instead, might want to hire 15-year-old boys for the purposes of reaching into their pants to shake hands with Van Hammer. Ooooookay. So, what I do is I go on LARRY KING LIVE, look into the camera, don't blink, and in my "sincere" voice, I say, "That's preposterous!" after Larry asks me if the charges are true. Then I go to the boys who were forced to shake hands with Van Hammer and I look them in the eyes and get tears in my eyes when I find out all they want is a couple of bucks, some autographed 8x10's of Hogan, and their old jobs back.

Wow, Mister McMahon, all the things I'll ever need to know--and didn't learn in Kindergarten--I'm learning from you and WWF wrestling. How can I ever thank you? Sincerely,

Jubie Jay Mullins, age 9,
Sushiland, CA

VICTIMS OF BRUTAL BEATINGS LINKED TO EDDIE GILBERT!

MEMPHIS, TN -- Pro Wrestling Sushi has learned that a series of bloody beatings suffered by residents in this city has been linked by a common denominator. According to police officials, the common thread in all of the savage beatings is that all of the victims--at one time or another--knew pro wrestler Eddie Gilbert.

According to stories in the MEMPHIS DAILY NEWS, each of the victims had been attending WCW house show in cities where they had once known Gilbert and had received messages that one of the WCW stars wanted to say "hello" to them in the wrestlers' locker room where they were suddenly assaulted and beaten within an inch of their lives.

Each of the victims (Eddie's former third grade teacher, a school crossing guard, a

city library worker, a bus driver, etc.) had similar stories regarding how they were beaten and what their attacker said while beating them with folding chairs, open handed slaps, and powerful Japanese style spinning leg kicks to their heads. (5)

"This is for having Eddie stay after school!" WHAM! "This is for making Eddie wait until the light turned green!" WHAM! "This is for fining Eddie five cents when he returned OLD YELLER a day late!" WHAM! "This is for kicking Eddie off the school bus when he wouldn't stop singing A HUNDRED BOTTLES OF BEER ON THE WALL!" WHAM!

At this time, however, police are at a loss as to who the attacker might be. According to the victims, their assailant was a white, sexy, good-looking, long-legged female, with beautiful eyes, luscious red lips, and the kind of wild blond hair that makes men feel loose in the pits of their stomachs. All of the beatings took place in or near the WCW heel dressing rooms. One victim recalls hearing the woman hiss something at him in Japanese.

Mempho cops would like anyone with information about this dangerous woman to step forward and contact them before other people who once knew or had dealings with Eddie Gilbert get hurt. [Are Gordon Scozzari and I the only ones who wonder what Madusa would really be like if only she wasn't always forgetting to take her medication for PMS?—RJH]

DON'T GET CAUGHT WITHOUT ONE!

In life these days, there are certain adages that just make good sense. Such as, if you're gonna do it, do it with condoms.

In wrestling life there are also adages that make good sense. Such as, if your son wants to become a ringboy, be sure you retain a good attorney.

Or, if you forget to buy a wrestling yearbook, or if you leave it until the last minute, the supply might run out and then you'll be begging in the readers' pages for someone to part with their copy for two or three times the price. Or worse, you'll have a memory lapse, and you won't remember what the second most important story of 1991 was and you'll feel like a schmuck.

(Cont. in box page #7)



ALL KIDDING ASIDE... by JEFF Mullins, Editor

Personal Note to L.L. of Chicago, IL:

Hey, asshole. Now that you've cut your editorial teeth on children like Harvey Cobb and, recently, on women like Marianne Ryan, isn't it about time you climbed out of your diapers and took on some of us who piss standing up? Or do your balls lack hair? Do you have balls? Or have they dried up like your selfish, two-bit, two-faced, game-playing, pathetic little, pea-sized heart?

Oh, yeah, another thing. Quit writing me those suck-up notes on the margins of your newsletter, you know, those personalized, hand-written little brown nosers where you're always telling me how much you dig, love, and enjoy Sushi. Instead of your bullshit messages (which only I can read) if you like Sushi so much, why don't you give Sushi a decent plug that everyone else can read, too, like the many plugs you've received from Sushi the past two years. You know, name, address, price, etc. -- J.M.

Aside from the 1991 Pro Wrestling Torch Yearbook being the best read of the year (see box pg.7), there is also the final tomb published by Steve Beverly called Matwatch 1991 Annual: The Final Chapter (\$13), available from 16 Robin Hood Lane, Jackson, TN 38305. Unequivocally the most complete look at pro wrestling on television in the 80's, it is a masterful, sweeping, indepth, and fascinating one-man's look at the inside of the sport, my favorite part being the 52 of 102 pages where 1988-91 is storied in riviting terms and behind the scene revelations most of which I do not recall reading in the Matwatch weeklies. For a total of \$25, I don't see how any fan of the graps could possibly go wrong acquiring both yearenders from Keller and Beverly.

Certainly missing from the "Annual Wars," is Dave Meltzer's yearly offering which he has opted to skip this time out in favor of (reportely) publishing a 10th Year Anniversary special later this year or early 1993. According to Meltzer, he was too tired to do the Yearbook this year, but it may have turned out to be the smartest energy saving decision in his career as the Observer took the lead in uncovering and reporting the avalanche of wrestling's sex and steroid scandals which, by the time this year has ended, will probably fill two Observer yearbooks with analysis and retrospectives. Four issues of the Wrestling Observer Newsletter still cost only \$6 from P.O. Box 1228, Campbell, CA 95009-1228. (Hope I got that address right, Dave.)

In the absence of weekly Matwatch, Alex Marvez's Three Count Professional Wrestling Newsletter is a polished jewel in the triple crown of weeklies as it has more than blown away the early effort by John Arezzi's tepid, partnership beleaguered Spotlight which aimed to fill the void when Matwatch ceased publication in January. Marvez is a professional journalist, it shows, and his sheet is the only sheet whose excellent battery of columnists covering from Luche to Japan to U.S. appears each week: Four issues cost \$6 from P.O. Box 12795, Gainesville, Fla., 32604-0795.

⑥

HULK HOGAN... A NATIONAL TREASURE?

by Nick Hardcastle, Sacramento, CA

[Editor's note: Both Nick Hardcastle and "Lana" are pseudonyms for real people who shared a real experience during the remarkable period in professional wrestling history last month which shall forever be burned in my memory as "TitanGate", the term coined by Pro Wrestling Torch editor Wade Keller when he and Observer editor Dave Meltzer and Three Count editor Alex Marvez began sharing with us the incredible stories about the WWF which just seemed to continue to sprout like fungus on a lawn, week after week, after week, causing many to wonder: How long can Titan last? Can McMahon pull this one out of the fire? And what will become of Hulkamania in the days and months to come?]

Have you ever lost something only later to discover that it was really valuable in a way you hadn't considered before? I think the wrestling world is on the verge of doing this with Hulk Hogan. Let me explain...I am a teacher in an elementary school in Northern California, and a few days ago, as a result of the serious illness of one of my students, I came to realize the greater value of Hogan.

Lana, 12, has been diagnosed with a critical disease. Between her lengthy hospital stays and her efforts to keep up with her classmates (socially as well as academically), she has somehow been able to keep the smile on her face and a special light in her eyes. This winter, like rain clouds building up in a darkened sky, the caution concerning Lana's condition increased: shorter school days, extra medication, indoor recesses, no running or jumping...things like this.

Although Lana's spirits and courage have remained higher than one might expect, I must admit I frequently hold back tears when I work with this remarkable kid who, quite frankly, was simply dealt the unfairness of hands. I feel these tears building up in the back of my eyes when I watch her thin fingers squeeze the pencil as she labors over the lessons which I assign and which she insists on doing. And, when I excuse my class for recess and see her with her friends, struggling to keep up--least a strong wind gusts and carries her away like a dried leaf--I feel the heartache I'm sure her parents and others feel. Yet, through it all, there is a special constitution this gutsy kid has maintained, a special attitude about her life and life in general...one step at a time...enjoy each day...seize the moment...all the cliché's know to man. Her own set of personal "demandments."

I know, you're beginning to wonder how all this relates to Hulk Hogan (in my mind, anyway) being some kind of national treasure? Well, hold on ring fans, it's coming.

In January, Lana literally bounded into my room with news that made winter turn to spring for all of us, teachers and students alike. The exciting news was that the MAKE-A-WISH FOUNDATION had organized a trip for her. The trip, scheduled for March, would be a visit to Disneyland with, yes, a special stop-over in Oakland to meet Hulk Hogan. Her bubbling anticipation could hardly be contained!

As the weeks passed and as the day of the big trip grew near, I also sensed a growing pulse of excitement charging the classroom atmosphere. The excitement, of course, was being shared and coat-tailed upon by most of the other students in the class. And although Disneyland would be a wonderful treat for any kid, it became increasingly apparent that Hulk Hogan is what aroused the greater interest in Lana and her classmates. Like it or not, I was finding myself surrounded by a roomful of kids who had become transformed, energized, besides themselves with the kind of joyful anticipation usually reserved for Easter egg hunts, tenth birthdays, and the arrival of Santa Claus. Hulkamania had descended upon us all (even though only one of us was going to actually meet him.) Whatchagonnado?

Like any other teacher would have done, when faced with having to compete with a force only slightly bigger than the Earth's entire gravitational pull, I capitalized on this interest. I suggested that the students might want to write personal letters to the Hulkster. Lana assured her classmates that she would deliver these letters in person. It worked like a charm and the letters that were finally written were priceless. The effort my students applied to this assignment was unusual, to say the least. They independently concerned themselves with spelling, grammar, punctuation, margins, indentations, and, wonder of wonders, penmanship that actually could be read!

Several of the students gave up recesses to add finishing touches to their letters. Some of the kids included art work. One of the little Hulkamaniacs, who had not completed a single assignment all year, spent (I swear!) over six hours at school (and home) slugging it out with pencil, paper and dictionary. (His parents wrote a note wondering if he had permission to take the dictionary home or if he had stolen it, so amazed were they at his sudden, uncharacteristic interest in the pursuits of higher learning.) All efforts were labors of love.

The day when Lana took off on her trip to Oakland (and

Disneyland), every one of the special kids in my class went with her in spirit and within the carefully folded confines of their letters to Hulk Hogan. Today, when Lana returned from her trip, she was floating on the proverbial Cloud Nine! I allotted her unlimited time to share and from the first words, she kept the other students in rapt attention as she displayed each memento from her visit with the Hulkster...the yellow rip shirt, the bandana, the eight-by-ten autographed glossy, the detailed, blow by blow account of her visit with her hero. "Yes, I really met him." "Yes, I gave him the letters." "Yes, he promised to read all of them after his match." And there was more...much more...the kind of "more" that only legends can provide.

The big man had invited Lana and her family into his dressing room before the match. He hammed it up for photos with her. He asked her where her seats were (front row) and then made a point of acknowledging her with a wave and a wink during the match. And then, later, he got on a plane and went to the next town, and the next, and the next. And as Lana told her story, with every pore in her frail body bursting with love and pride and unabashed happiness, I could see "it" in the eyes of the other kids in the class, each of them "watching" the Hulk as he reached into the bag Lana had given him, pulled out their letter, and carefully read it from top to bottom. (Remember when you were a kid and you wrote that very first letter to Santa?)

At any rate what I am trying to point out, fully aware there are some who will want to crucify me, is the fact that this guy, Hulk Hogan, is so much more than a lot of us realize. He's more than a professional wrestler...much more. He's a symbol, a legend, a hero. I know he's been on the receiving end of some media drop-kicks lately. And I am sure that if you simply look at the rap sheet, he is deserving of some. But haven't we learned anything from our past fallen heroes. JFK and his affairs. Eisenhower and his mistress. Nobody's perfect. Not you. Not me. Not them. Not even The Hulk (or the guy who plays his role.) And so I wonder. Is it possible...just possible...that we might try looking past the earlier reported steroid abuse, and the comments on Arsenio, and look at the positive aspects of the man himself?

Just as JFK was a great leader who inspired the best in us, as "IKE" was a great general who brought us victory, as Magic was a great basketball player who made us go "wow!", as Vida was a great pitcher who made us shake our heads in amazement, as Lenny was a great comedian who made us do more than laugh, Hulk...the Hulkster...is a powerfully bright star which shines for so many of this nation's little people in so many ways. (Do you remember when some of the older kids on your block told you that Santa was fake?)

Before you media types land that final atomic drop on him, think about the guy inside the Hulk. It's not the packaging I'm talking about. It's the guy inside. Sure, he's not perfect, but without him there would be no alter ego, and it is, after all, the alter ego that is and always has been everything a lot of us have wanted and more...much more. Just ask Lana and her friends.

National treasures are hard to come by. Let's not lose this one.

DON'T GET CAUGHT WITHOUT ONE!

So, there you are, naked on the floor with your Hot Love Babe From Heaven, and you are just about to show her your finishing move, when she says, "Hey, Macho Man, honey, what was the second most important pro wrestling story in 1991?"

And won't you feel like a Ding Dong if you reach for the '91 yearbook but it isn't there because you forgot or decided not to buy one this year? Talk about coed inter-ruptus! Don't let this happen to you.

For the best yearbook out there, full of reader ratings, top grap stories of the year, great wrestling articles by Hitch & Mitch, Jeff Cohen, Eric Krol, cartoon features, and satire packed professionally into 100 spiral-bound pages send \$10 to Wade Keller, Pro Wrestling Torch 1991 Yearbook, P.O. Box 201844, Minneapolis, MN 55420.

**WITH THE BODY'S
NEW HAIRCUT
HE COULD PASS
FOR A HARI-KRISHNA**

GATES A-D

GATES F-I

GATES J-P

GATES Q-Z

AIRPORT →



⑧ GWF HEEL HAS SUGGESTION FOR SUSHI...SORT OF

Masa Mullins:

I considerably dug my first-ever Sushi (the double one). Definitely a pip! You might wanna lean more towards the wrestling industry and all its kooky idiosyncrasies and a bit less towards the kooky geezers who write about it in the sheets. Like, I'd rather laugh at Bill Kazmaier than at Mike Lano, if you know what I mean.

I don't believe that Dave Prazak is of any relation to me. But with a name like Prazak, somehow I can't help but think he's gotta be.

Incidentally, fellow GWF'er Craig Johnson is absolutely positive that you, Jeff, are none other than Tux Newman, former Memphis and California slimeball manager. Considering the heat you heaped on poor Lenis Sargent for doing relatively nothing, both Scott Hudson and I think you could have a hearty round of chuckles at Craig's expense on this baby.

Have a nice day....sort of.

Steven Prazak
House of DeTruth
Atlanta, GA

Dear Steven,

Steven

"Masa Mullins?" You want me dead? Saito hear you calling me that and next time he's in Campbell cracking open fortune cookies with Meltzer, he'll sneak over to San Jose and Pearl Harbour my ass! Shit man. I've got enough problems with Meltzer omitting my zip code in one issue of the Observer and then he tries to make up for it in another issue and plugs my sheet with the wrong P.O. Box! Which is going to put me on the Catholic Church's shit list, since its their P.O. Box and now they are going to be getting requests for Sushi. Has the Pope ever excommunicated a newsletter editor?

Glad you enjoyed Sushi #40. Hope #41 did not offend you. Maybe some day I've got to spell it out to people that when wrestlers like Buzz Sawyer and Tojo Yamamoto die--I mean when the guys who play these "characters" die--what happens to their "characters?" The real guys have passed away, which is sad, really sad. But what happens to their characters? I personally think the real guys who died would appreciate the way Sushi News Service treated their alter egos. Infact, who is more real to most of us out there in vid'n'sheet land? The guys who "played" Buzz Sawyer and Tojo Yamamoto? Or "Buzz" and "Tojo?" They fuck up and die on us or shoot themselves--the real guys--and Meltzer does a serious piece on the real guys' lives and histories. But who buries or deals with or writes the epitahs for the fictional characters--the "guys" most of us really knew? You take the Sushi stuff on Sawyer in #41. Any idea how many people got pissed and offended and either called or wrote? Well, not really THAT many. Six people to be exact. "How could you do that?" Tell me. If Buzz Sawyer could read that stuff, knowing him and his gimmick, would he have been offended or pissed off? I guess I just have a hard time accepting that he went and died, him being one of my favorites, so I wipe away my real tears of sadness for the human who departed, and pay my respects in a way that I believe what wrestling is all about.

As for the real guy who once played that freaking-a Craig Johnson character on the GWF shows...Next time you see him tell him to watch who he's calling T. Newman! Ask him how he'd like to have his BVD's jerked clean over his head and have people at the airport wondering if he's Van Vader?

By the way, thanks for your comments. You're right. Sushi has got to kick more wrestler butt and less letter-writer butt. With all the roids and HGH and oregano-stacking that Bruno says 90+ percent of all the graps do, wrestler butts are bigger and wider and better targets. One only needs ask Pat Patterson to confirm that.

Be careful of that DeTruth guy, Steven. He looks and sounds and acts like the kind of dude who, with very little provocation, would slap you blind, snatch you bald, and stuff your nose full of red Georgia clay!

Rasslin regards,
Jeff Mullins
Sushiland, CA

JEFF

VIEW WRESTLING AS AN UNREQUITED LOVE... by A. Fan ⑨

I occasionally read comments from readers who have become so exasperated over goings-on in the sport that they are on the verge of throwing in the towel. With that in mind, I've devised a few personal guidelines for retaining sanity.

(1) Expect the worst even if a card looks great on paper. That way if something good happens it's a pleasant surprise instead of a bad thing being a disappointment.

(2) Never forget we're dealing with a worked sport rooted in the carnny. There are people in offices who view fans as rubes asking to be fleeced. The scruples level is very low. I'm not defending it, just stating a few cold realities. In essence, view wrestling as an unrequited love.

(3) Remember there has never been a card with all five star matches; so, savor the good parts and blank out the duds.

(4) Never spend more than a few bucks on a PPV. If you can, find other area fans who otherwise may not be able to afford the broadcast or casuals with a passing interest and chip in for a PPV party. That way the promoter still gets his "buy" and you are not footing the entire cable bill. It is much easier to blow off a sub-par PPV if you are only in the hole for a fiver rather than the whole nut because you could have just as easily wasted a similar amount of money on a crappy movie, paperback book, etc. (Makes you feel like less of a sucker, too.)

Another option: In the event you can't get a party together but MUST know the results of a major card that night, drop a couple dollars on a 900 line. Then compare the sheet reports in the following issues to see if it would be worth hunting down a tape. This is especially worthwhile with Titan because (a) they tend to have weak matches underneath and (b) they release their major cards on video within about two weeks after the show.

RING WORDS

by Stephen Meyerson, Associate Editor, Brooklyn, NY

ERRONEOUS ASSUMPTIONS

1) Fans will return to live independent or regional shows when they tire of the WWF:

The competition for the independent or regional promoter is not only from the WWF or WCW. Even if wrestling were not on television, the wrestling promoter would have to get the potential customer away from other sports on tv, other live sports, video games, \$1 video rentals, health clubs, and so many other alternative choices. Part of the reason wrestling used to draw is because people had fewer leisure choices. There weren't as many things to read or watch or listen to. If a person pays a monthly fee for cable, how does one convince that person to leave home and pay for live wrestling? Territorial promoters think Vince killed them. The truth is that their death was inevitable due to technology, changing lifestyles, and rising costs. In summary, wrestling competes with everything, not just with other wrestling.

2) Wrestling promoters can fill arenas on a regular basis:

Arenas and stadiums sell out for baseball, football, basketball and hockey despite high prices. Why not wrestling? Tickets for the other sports are often sold to businesses and high income individuals. The luxury box mentality is that sporting events are places for networking and socializing. Businesses and wealthy individuals often buy season tickets as tax deductions and give them away or sell them to friends or business contacts. The hardcore fans of the major team sports are NOT often in the live audience. These fans are often shut out by high ticket prices and unavailability of tickets. In some cases, the hardcore fan lives in the inner city and the stadium is in the suburbs. The team owner would obviously rather sell a \$40 seat to a businessman with a casual interest than a \$20 ticket to a less affluent fan who knows the game. Wrestling does NOT have the status to attract the corporate buyer. Wrestling must sell to a committed audience; it can't make the easy sale to the disinterested buyer.

3) The Clashes should have fewer matches leaving more time for each match:

Assume you're a casual wrestling fan. Are you going to watch a 30 minute wrestling match without zapping to another channel? Now assume you're a TBS producer who has to get in about 8 minutes of prime time commercials per hour. Since you don't want to go to commercial during a match, you accept the limitations of television and allot 15 minutes or less per match. You're now a WCW booker who knows an audience of only hardcores is described as "not significant" by Neilson. You need to get people under the tent and to keep them there. You do it by hotshotting the viewers and by jumping from short matches to interviews to prepackaged videos to run ins to whatever it takes to keep the casual viewer from switching to the ballgame or movie or comedy on another station. There's a place for long matches. Free prime time shows aren't that place.

What embarrasses me most about being a wrestling fan is the presence of Elizabeth, the Queen for a Day, and the lead player in the Damsel in Distress mess. How anyone

⑩ with an IQ of at least 50 could be moved or entertained by the reconciliation and marriage of Elizabeth and Savage is beyond me. Elizabeth, the president of overactors anonymous, should take a seat in the audience—and stay there.

How much of what editors and contributors write and how much of what wrestling radio talk show hosts say is based on who their sources are, who their friends are, and who they do business with? When they write positively about "newsletter good guys" like Cornette, Taylor, Flair, Dangerously, etc., are their comments what they really feel, or are they trying to fit in with the newsletter crowd, repay a past favor, or show loyalty to a friend?

Who sent Wade Keller \$50 cash for the \$49.95 one match Barry Horowitz tape and complained when he didn't get his nickel change?

NOT IN OBSERVER: Warlord/Flair over Bret and Owen Hart **** (all for Warlord who worked his you know what off and carried the others to a great match).

NEW JOB, UNCERTAIN DRESS CODE, 10 DAY DRESSDOWN FROM FASHION PLATE TO FASHION VANDAL:
Day 1: Suit, tie, dress shoes. Day 2: Sport jacket and slacks. Day 3: No tie.
Day 4: Casual shoes. Day 5: Pullover shirt. Day 6: Jeans. Day 7: Sneakers.
Day 8: Sweat pants. Day 9: Shorts. Day 10: Wrestling related T shirt.

MESSAGE ON A BUTTON: Who Knows Who Cares Why Bother

He's paid his debt to society, but would you buy a used car from Blackjack Mulligan?

I'm old enough to remember the old days when MTV was a no nonsense music video station. It's now become an endless string of commercials and promos with an occasional music video mixed in. MTV has become a Top 40 radio station with pictures. The "M" in MTV should stand for merchandising rather than music.

A wrestling match is like a speech. To be memorable, it doesn't have to be eternal.

STRANGE BUT TRUE: Art Barr applying for a position on the Oregon Athletic Commission (to reinstate himself) sounds like a wrestling angle. The punchline is that he could get appointed, vote to reinstate himself, and have no place in Oregon to wrestle.

Steve Beverly didn't like Dallas Page saying "Good God." It's certainly better than "Bad God." I'm reminded of the late Mayor Daley of Chicago (father of the current mayor) being called a "feudal boss" by 1 of his critics. A mayoral aide defended Daley by saying, "At least he's not a bad feudal boss."

A Few More of the 250 Million: 6) She starts talking about herself and never stops. 7) She harasses the mailman while he sorts mail for 120 apartments. 8) He opposes government deficits while working off the books. 9) He's a hermit by nature living in a concrete jungle. That's me. 10) He cries a lot. There's a lot to cry about.

Torch #163 reported that Liger vs. Pillman was voted best match of the PPV by 92% of those who voted. Torch did not report the number of voters. Percentages are more meaningful when accompanied by raw numbers.

An unpopular professor was known as BA, MA, PHD, SOB.

3/15/92

... LETTERS PAGE FOR RING WORMS & RIGHT-ON BABES ...

Please note: Until further notice (for reasons explained elsewhere in this sheet) Sushi will no longer be printing letters which are longer than one paragraph. We love you, and we especially love those of you who take the time to write. But from now on just send Sushi your witty, clever, off-beat observations, etc., in shorter form. Thanks grap nuts! You are the most wonderful bunch of ring rowdies on this Earth!

BECKY COPLEY'S ATTRACTION TO UNDERTAKER: PART II

[RJH: In Sushi #41 I told Undertaker fan Becky Copley of Taylor, MI that Undertaker was considering her offer to meet with her the next time the WWF was in town. Of course, Becky thinks my tongue was in cheek when I told her this. (Tsk-tsk, when will you simple minded little people ever learn?) Here's Becky's thoughts about the whole deal.]

Riki-Jack, you better take that tongue out of your cheek and put it some place where it could be of better use! (Oooh, not such a "sweet innocent" after all, are we?)

Well, once the shock and embarrassment of what you wrote about Mark and me wore off, causing me a sleepless day, since I work midnights, now all my friends and I want to know if you really are going to set something up between Mark Calloway and me?

First, we should get a few things straight! Like...I wasn't thinking of Mark and me sharing a "malt." More like a pitcher or two of Kamakazees; and I don't think he'd be the one to worry about the "Mike Tyson" thing, since I'd probably be all over him first. Matter of fact, I'd have the limo door fixed so he couldn't get out until I let him out. (Then we'd really see his work rate, and the size of his biceps, all at the same time.) And we certainly wouldn't want him without his urn, especially if that's where he draws his "power".

Becky Copley
Taylor, MI

RJH: Becky, I just spoke with the man who drags coffins down arena aisles and stuffs his opponents into body bags. I read him your letter, especially the parts which Jeff would not let me print, since this is a family sheet. Essentially the man, who M.L. Curly in the DETROIT NEWS claims is a cyborg-zombie, was quiet in that strong way of his before he asked, in that deep resonant voice so familiar on SUPERSTARS OF WRESTLING, "She'll really let me bring the urn? And Paul Bearer, too? Does she bite? Has she taken the test? Are there really women like this on this planet? Oh, faint heart be still. What will we call our children? Will they go to community college first or directly to a four year school? Does she have anything against being tatooed? Not a big one. Just a small black widow? Is a retirement cottage in the Adirondacks too quaint? What about when I've got to do the

job again for Vince? Or if I lose a loser loses hair match? Or when my biceps start to go? Or when the "power" begins to fade? Where's where will she be then, when twilight calls my name? Or we just talking a quick bump and run here and she don't phone the next day? I must....know....these....things...." (11)

BILL STRONG ON LAUGHING AT DANGER, GRINNING AT DEATH

Jeff, I had to laugh at your last issue with all the qualifiers and disclaimers you felt you had to run to deflect the backlash from some of our compatriots who have no sense of humor. You seem be a lot like me--and that really scares me.

Nothing is above having fun poked at it. I have been to wakes that have been laugh-fests. When I tore up the ligaments in my ankle, I cracked up at my stupidity. If I, you, we can laugh at dead people and personal injury, then why not professional wrestling? Hell, in the past three weeks alone, Vince McMahon and his (former) executives have supplied enough material for locker room jokes from grade school on up.

I'd be disappointed if you, Riki-Jack, and yes, even little Jubie Jay did not jump on top of all this Titan stuff (wait--that may have been a poor choice of words) and splash the exploits of Patterson, Garvin and Phillips all across Sushiland! Just one word of advice, though. Abuse of kids is not funny. I can't even laugh at that.

Bill Strong
Bristol, CT

RJH: Well, yes, but I've got to confess. We abuse Jubie Jay all the time here at Sushiland. But nothing like what reportedly was going on with those ringboys at Titan. Yes, as punishment (for when he opens Ron Lemieux's Arena Report before the rest of us get a chance to look at it) I've been known to require Jubie to rub my feet for five minutes, but I've always kept my socks and pants on and my hands firmly wrapped around a copy of the Observer, Torch, or Three Count. Jubie complains like hell, of course, and wears a clothes pin on his nose. Hey, I've got video of it. Think maybe I can get Arezzi to plug it in or on Spotlight?

MATT CREAMER WONDERS...WAS CACTUS BABY A BOY OR GIRL?

As a new subscriber to Sushi I'm having a lot of fun with your sheet...you know, paper air planes, cat toys, origami, etc. Just kiddin'. Your painstaking work has not gone to waste here. Twisted yet insightful, Sushi has now firmly implanted itself into my grap literary itinerary. It adds a little variety unto my dreary midwestern existence here in Oshkosh--the "Hometown from Hell." God bless anything that can accomplish that.

Caactus Jack a father! That's an interesting thought to entertain. As I write this, the kid is what, a month old now? That means by now its papa is teaching it to leap hip first off the playpen onto its Sting Wrestling Buddy Doll. This is one father-child act I can't wait to see in the ring: one spits in the air, the other catches it in his or her mouth or ear. My only question: Is "it" a baby boy or girl?

Matt Creamer
Oshkosh, WI

RJH: As long as the kid can squeal, bump, and brawl like its brilliant papa, who cares what sex it is? Well, maybe if it grows up and works in the WWF it might matter. God, the way the business is now days, would ANYONE want their kid to grow up and be a pro wrestler? Or has it always been like this? Well, the future has got to be different, man. It's just gotta be.

PSSST! MORE VICIOUS RUMORS FROM HOWARD BLOCH

My friend, the wrestling mavin, recently traveled by air to Philadelphia on business. On the way he had the great good fortune to be seated directly behind Hulk Hogan and Ric Flair who presumably were going from one WWF show to another. The mavin, who has very sharp ears, was able to listen in on the conversation as Hulk and Ric discussed their exploits.

"Wow dude," ejaculated the Hulkster, "the marks all think Elizabeth is one righteous chick, but I can tell you she has a bodacious sex drive. The damn steroids kept me from taking full advantage, but it was still sweet."

"The only thing, man" he continued, "the only thing that used to drive me nuts was the way she would curl and uncurl her toes while we were doing the FIFTH demandment!"

"I heard about that," replied Flair calmly. "Liz told me that you never gave her a chance to take off her panty hose."

Howard ("I Only Report What I Overhear!") Bloch
Fairfax, VA

RJH: Howard, next time your friend the wrestling mavin is here in La-La-Land North, have him look us up. There's a little "eavesdropping" Sushi might want him to do over in Campbell one of these days. Ohhh, yeaaaaaaaah!

MORE BARBS & GRILLS FROM HARRY WHITE

Regarding that girl on the Donahue show who did not understand why anyone would want to follow wrestling or be in the business--because it is "so tacky"--I bet that at the very moment she was making that statement her husband was sitting in a hotel lounge in a chic black satin dress set off by a string of elegant, but tasteful, pearls given to him by his boy friend.

What a pompous douche bag she was!

Harry White
St. Louis, MO

RJH: Don't hold back, Harry. Express yourself!

SUSHI'S SERIOUS VIEWPOINT ON THE WHOLE MESS!

Whew! Wadda month!

If giving birth to a baby is anything like dealing with all the news lately about steroid abuse and sex harassment in pro wrestling, I don't see how women can go through a labor of love like that even once!

I'm not saying all the information about the seamy side of graps was not interesting or important, because it certainly was. There was just so much of it, and about two weeks ago my entire body and mind went on sensory overload and each week (with one new revelation after another) it felt like mental and emotional fuses inside me were fizzing-out from the enormity of it all.

So, what, I ask, can Sushi add to all this? What hasn't already been said? Reviewed? Forcasted? What can this little sheet contribute that hasn't already been covered like Thunderbolt Patterson's stink on cheese?

Well, here's my spin.

If somebody at work tries to grab your ass, don't even give them the benefit of doubt. Get on the phone and talk to a lawyer or someone at your state or federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission before time runs out and before you have to suffer any further abuse. It's a difficult decision to make, but it is the only sane one to make. Anything less and you are just jerking yourself and your mental and emotional health off. Sure, you could still lose your job (or the big "push"), but what you will lose in the long run—if you don't do the healthy thing—far outweighs the temporary fix. It's a choice: Do the "right" thing and, yes, you will still feel uncomfortable and lousy for awhile. Do the "wrong" thing (Put up with it! Don't report it! Try and control the situation yourself!) and unfortunately you'll regret it and you will feel uncomfortable and lousy the rest of your life (or until hundreds of hours and thousands of dollars of psycho therapy have helped you recover from it. Compare all that to making a 20¢ phone call right from the start.)

Drugs? Steroids? What picture can I paint that Billy Graham hasn't already portrayed. Poor, sick, sad bastard. No one should risk suffering what Superstar is going through now at this point in his life.

Hogan lying on Arsenio? I really don't care what Terry did or said he did about steroid use in the past. But if he is not now trying to become drug free, or if he is just figuring out how to beat the system, I hope Meltzer-Keller-Marvez or the feds find out (with unequivocal proof) and fry his ass all the way to Hell. I hate to say this, but no matter how many little kids die without getting to meet Hogan as their last wish, in his own way, if he is continuing to use drugs and lie and pretend to be a role model, in the long run (and in the final analysis), Terry Bollea and Hulk Hogan will indirectly and realistically kill more kids than any of the "last wish" diseases known to man.

Last but not least, Vince McMahon.

My feelings for this man have finally transcended hatred. I have finally come to peace with the fact that (while he has accomplished some very remarkable and worthy things in pro wrestling) he is still not a good-guy, and

even though he has brought us some good times, nevertheless, when you peel back the layer of glitz and fun, revealed beneath the high-tech graphics and the real talent the man possesses, is a personal constitution of depravity and evil layered with the same kind of attitude and moral character that breeds the most loathsome creatures, movements, institutions, governments and civilizations which have ever populated the planet, and like the life cycle itself (wherein nothing is really created nor destroyed but is simply matter, energy or thoughts that recycle onto themselves eons after eons) Vince McMahon's "part" on pro wrestling earth, his contribution to the life cycle of pro wrestling, if you will, is to play the role that manure or waste product or decay has played since the beginning of time. In brief, Vince McMahon is the giant turd that has helped kill the regional promotions, has limited the wrestling opportunities for generations of workers living and yet born, and has run an organization whose moral corruption knows no bounds.

Yes, Vince McMahon is the turd on the grassy lawn of life. And in time, like most turds, he too will vanish and from out of the the foul little spot he left behind will grow grass that is a little greener and taller and flowers that smell a little fresher and sweeter.

In the meantime, however, what's our job? Our role in the grand scheme of wrestling things and the WWF? Of course. It is to simply keep on poking, and prodding, and whacking away at that big ugly turd and keep helping Mother Nature, Dave Meltzer, Wade Keller, Alex Marvez, and Phil "The Nutcracker" Mushnick break McMahon down like so much biological mulch and send him on his rightful path...to excrement heaven.

Oh, boy. I can't believe it! We've run out of time and space again. My apologies to those of you who sent letters (and responses to Harry White's "New Total Package" idea) which did not get printed this issue. Thanks to all of you who did write, though, and to Ryan Jones whose own artistic "spin" on the grap world is really appreciated. Sorry, too, if I have not been able to return your phone calls. I'm not avoiding any of you. I just don't have a lot of free time right now. Not even enough time (or space this issue) to explain, as promised on the LETTERS PAGE, why you need to write briefer letters to the editor.

Sushi #43 may not be able to come out until after the 5/17 WCW WRESTLE WAR '92, and it may be as late as the first week in June. My folks are celebrating a major wedding anniversary next month and I'm in charge of logistical operations.

Final thoughts: Wasn't it neat seeing that patch of white bandage on Ric Flair's forehead during his post-WM8 interviews? There has been such little blood shed during the past few years. And how about that awesome Steamboat interview on WCW where his "broken" nose and eyebrows were taped up, compliments of the DA and Rick Rude? And finally: Is that really a patch of red hair on Tatanka's scalp? Or is his brain just oozing out the top of his head? See ya!

PRO WRESTLING SUSHI #42, APR '92
P.O. Box 36189
San Jose, CA 95158



Bobby Heenan is Indiana's "favorite Bobby" because he throws more chairs than the other Bobby and is more accurate. — Ryan Jones

